Hiram Hallock

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A Curious Relic.

The last number of the *Historical Magazine* has the following ingenious piece of poetry, which one of its correspondents vouches to have been circulated in Philadelphia during the occupation of the British in the war of the Revolution. Its author is unknown. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read in three different ways, viz.:

(1.) Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written; (2.) then read the lines downwards on the *left* of each comma in every line; and (3.) in the same manner on the *right* of each comma. By the first reading it will be observed that the revolutionary cause is deprecated, and landed by the others:

Hark! hark! the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon will shine;
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join.
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight;
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast;
They soon will sneak away, who Independence boast—
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart;
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whiggish part,
Old Mansfield, North, and Bute, may daily blessings pour;
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North—that British lord—may honor still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington.

JOHN OGDEN'S LAST BET.

John Ogden had contracted a very bad habit—a dangerous and a sinful habit. Had any one suggested to him a game of cards to be played for money, he would not have listened; and yet he was growing to be a gambler, notwithstanding. His sin was that of betting, and it had so grown upon him that he would bet upon the result of things most trivial or most grave. He was a young man, not more than eight-and-twenty, with a wife and two children—a wife true and loving, and children bright and good. And John was a good, kind husband, and an even-tempered, indulgent father. He was a book-keeper in a mercantile house, upon a salary more than sufficient for all his proper wants.

John Ogden's betting had come to be a matter of emphasis and determination. The habit had so fastened itself upon him that he could bet off-hand, and pay a loss, or take a winning, as a matter of course.

"Susan," he said, one evening, with radiant face, "I have won fifty dollars to-day."

"How?" asked the wife, with a shadow upon her face.

"I bet fifty dollars that Popkins would be elected over Shumway, and Popkins was elected, handsomely."

"Whom did you bet with, John?"

"With Charles Ashcroft."

"And you took his fifty dollars?"

"Certainly,—why shouldn't I? He fairly lost."

"And you, I suppose, fairly won."

"Of course I did."

"And do you think Charles Ashcroft was able to bear the loss?"

"That isn't my look-out."

"I am sorry, John. I wish you would put away that habit. Only evil can come of it."

"Pshaw!"

"Evil has already come, John. Your heart is growing callous and hard. Time was when you could not have taken fifty dollars from a poor and needy family without a feeling of shame and compunction."

"Hold on, Susan! I don't want another lecture. I know what I am up to. You don't know so much of the world as I do."

And with this, John Ogden took his hat and went out—went out like a coward, knowing that if he entered into argument with his wife, she would twist him into a labyrinth from which he could only escape by an angry bolt.

Half an hour later Peter Cartwright came in. He was a year or two older than John, and was Susan's cousin—only a cousin by blood, but as they had been brought up from early childhood together they were like brother and sister in life and love. Peter sat down, and chatted awhile, and found his cousin not so cheerful as usual.

"You are not well, Susan?"

"I am well in body, Peter, but sore at heart."

"What is it?"

"I fear not to speak to you freely. I am worrying about John. His habit of betting is taking deeper and deeper root. To-day he has won fifty dollars from Charles Ashcroft on the result of an election. Last week he won forty dollars on the race-course. I know his temperament. He is headstrong and impulsive. Can you not see the danger?"

"Yes, Susan, I have seen it this long time, but have not dared to speak of it. If John were cold-blooded and calculating, he might occasionally bet with danger only of doing wrong to those from whom he won money, but as it is, with his impulsive, mercurial temperament, there is other danger."

"I wish you could influence him, Peter."

"I wish I could; but I fear he would not listen."

Cartwright took out his watch, and said he must be going. He had left a friend at the Ashton House, and must go back to him.

"I came down," he added, "to get John to call up with him. You remember Frank Powers?"

"Certainly," said Susan, with a brightening eye. "I was reading of him in the paper last night. He has been made a colonel."

"Yes," returned Peter, "and has come home minus an arm, lost at Antietam."

"I should like to see him."

"He shall call. He will be glad, I know."

Peter had arisen, and got as far as the door, where he stopped and turned.

"Susan," he said, "I have an idea. Isn't John saving up money with which to pay off the mortgage on his house?"

"Yes. He has almost enough. The mortgage is eleven hundred and fifty dollars, and he has a thousand of it in bank."

"Don't say anything to him that I have been here, and say nothing about Colonel Powers."

"But—Peter—"

"Trust me, Susan. I think I see a way to give him a lesson. Hold your peace, and await the result."

On the following day Peter Cartwright met John Ogden in the store, and informed him of the arrival of Col. Powers.

"And he wants to see you, old fellow. Will you go up with me this evening?"

"Certainly I will," replied John, gladly. "How is he?"

"Comfortable, considering. He has had a hard time of it, though. You knew he had lost an arm?"

"I heard of his being wounded at Antietam. And so the arm had to come off?"

"Yes."

"Which—"

"Excuse me, John. I have an appointment to keep at the bank. I will call for you this evening."

"All right. I'll be ready."

And in the evening Peter called, and together the two went to the hotel. They found Col. Powers in his private room, seated in a big easy-chair, and looking somewhat pale and worn.

"Frank, my dear fellow, how are you?" cried John, advancing.

"John, old boy, I am glad to see you. You'll excuse me not rising. I am pretty well, but not so strong as I have been."

"Keep your seat, Frank. I am glad to see you back alive; and I'm sure you'll pick up in time."

The empty coat-sleeve, dangling over the arm of the chair, was eloquent, and John's eyes moistened as he fixed his gaze upon it.

And yet the conversation flowed pleasantly after a time. The colonel had much to tell, and his hearers were willing to listen.

John arose to depart first. He had told his wife that he should not be out late. Cartwright would remain a while longer.

On the day following this visit Peter and John met in the street close by the bank where the latter had come to deposit for his employers. Peter had evidently been waiting and watching.

"Are you going to lunch, John?"

"Yes. Will you come with me?"

"I will if you'll lunch with me."

The lunch-room was near at hand, and while they eat they talked of Frank Powers and his adventures, and also of his mishaps.

"He ought to be thankful, though," remarked Peter, "that it was his left arm that was taken instead of his right."

John Ogden looked up curiously.

"Eh, Peter?"

"I say, Frank ought to be thankful that they took his left arm instead of his right."

"You mean that for a joke?"

"How?"

"Why,—Frank has lost his right arm, to be sure."

"You are mistaken, John. His right arm is safe and sound. It is the left arm that is gone."

"Peter, are you in earnest? Do you mean it?"

"Are you daft, John? Of course, I mean it."

"Do you mean to say that Frank Powers has lost his left arm, and that his right arm is intact?"

"I do say exactly so."

John pressed the ends of his fingers upon his brow, and called up to mind the picture as he had seen it on the previous evening. He remembered just where the empty sleeve had dangled, and he remembered that the opposite arm had been whole.

"Peter," he finally said, slowly and emphatically, "Frank Powers has lost his right arm!"

"You are mistaken, John."

"Do you think so?"

"I know you are mistaken."

"I'd like to bet you something on it," said John, with a decisive gesture.

"I'll bet you anything you like, my dear fellow, so that you make it an object."

"And I'll bet anything you like," John answered.

"You ain't sure enough to bet a thousand dollars?"

"A thousand?"

"I thought it would shake your confidence in yourself," nodded Peter, with a smile.

John Ogden started to his feet, and brought his hand down with a slap upon the table.

"Dare you bet a thousand dollars, Peter?"

"Yes."

"You'll lose it."

"I am able."

"I'll go it! The bet is made. Will you hold here while I go and and get the money?"

"Yes."

John hurried away to the bank and drew out his thousand dollars, and with it returned to the lunch-room flushed and excited. A mutual friend was called, to whom the case was plainly stated.

"I bet a thousand dollars," said John, "that Colonel Frank Powers has lost his *right* arm, and that his left arm is whole."

"And I," said Peter, "bet the same amount that Colonel Frank Powers has lost his *left* arm, and that his right arm is whole."

The money was deposited in the hands of the mutual friend, with instructions that he should pay it to the winner. And then they agreed that the three should go at once to the hotel and settle the matter.

Twelve months before this time John Ogden would not have bet so large a sum under any circumstances; but the habit had indeed grown upon him.

Arrived at the hotel the three were admitted to the colonel's presence.

"Ah, boys, I am glad to see you. I am feeling much better to-day. John, old fellow, I can get up for you now. How are you?"

And Colonel Frank Powers arose, and extended his hand—his RIGHT HAND—and when John felt its grasp he found it true flesh and blood, warm and pulsating. He staggered back with a groan.

"You will excuse us, Colonel," said Peter; "but John and I had a little dispute. He thought you had lost your right arm."

"O, no," returned Powers, smiling. "Thank Heaven, my right arm is spared me,"—extending his good right hand;—"but this poor stump is all that is left of its fellow," pointing to the empty sleeve that hung by his left side.

John got away as soon as he could. In the lower hall the two thousand dollars was paid over to Peter Cartwright.

"I am sorry you lost your money, John," the latter said, as he put the bank-notes into his pocket-book, "but I think I won it fairly."

"It's all right, Peter." And John tried to smile as he said so, but he could not do it.

A miserable man was John Ogden that afternoon; and more miserable was he when he went to his home in the evening. His wife asked him what was the matter, but he would not tell her; and when she pressed him he was angry. He could not—he dared not—tell her that the savings of years—the money that was to have paid for their precious home—had been swept away in a moment—swept away by an act of his own sin and folly.

That night he slept not a wink. On the following morning, pale and shaking, he started to go away from his home without his breakfast. On his door-step he was met by Cartwright's clerk, who handed him a sealed packet.

"It is from Mr. Cartwright, sir."

"Do you wait for an answer?"

"No, sir."

John went back into his house, and broke the seal, and opened the packet. He found within one thousand dollars in crisp bank-notes and a folded letter. He opened the letter, and read:

"DEAR JOHN—With this I send you back your thousand dollars. I won the money as honestly as gambling bets are often won, and yet I did not win it fairly. Frank and I deceived you on purpose. On your first visit his right arm was hidden beneath his coat, and his wooden left arm was strapped on. As he did not rise from his chair the deception was perfect. You found him on your second visit as he really was, only the wooden arm had been laid aside.

"Forgive me, John, and believe that I had an aim in this, which God grant may be fulfilled. "PETER.

"P. S.—I should like that this subject should never be referred to between us. Please me in this, won't you?

"P."

"Dear John, what is it?"

Susan had come in, and as she spoke she put her arm around her husband's neck and kissed him. He returned the kiss.

"Not now, Susan," he said huskily. "I will tell you some time."

"But you will come and eat some breakfast?"

"If you won't ask any more questions—yes."

The blow had been a severe one, and the effects of the shock did not quickly pass away. But John Ogden revived in time; and when he told to his wife the secret of his trouble on that unhappy night, he was prepared to give her a great and lasting joy by adding that he had made his last bet.—*Ledger.*

The Riderless War-Horse.

In almost the last letter written by Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton from seat of war before his untimely death, there was a passage describing one of the most pathetic of all incidents of the Franco-German war, though the pathos of it relates, not to the human belligerents, but to their only active ally in the animal world, the horse. A Prussian huzzar, who had got on his horse to carry water to the wounded and dying comrades, was killed, with the poor soldiers he was relieving, by a shell, in the very act of pouring the water down the throat of one of them; and just then his regiment moved off, his empty horse following in the ranks; whereupon Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton remarked: "Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been sergeant's horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied; for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few indeed are there, who have not some honorable scars to show." Again, *The German Post* relates "that after the slaughter at Vionville, on the 18th of August, a strange and touching spectacle was presented. On the evening call being sounded for the First Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, 602 riderless horses answered to the summons, jaded and in many cases maimed. The noble animals still retained their disciplined habits."

Beauty and Dress.

A clever writer says: "Providence meant woman to make the world beautiful as much as flowers and butterflies, and there is no sin in tasteful dress, but only in devoting to it too much money or too much time." This is a most sensible view, and is the true medium between the one extreme of straight and rigid simplicity and the devotion of the best energies of a lifetime to vanity and frivolity. But, after all, what is this rage for dress but an effort after the beautiful? The reason why the beautiful is not always the result, is because so many women are ignorant or merely imitative. They have no sense of fitness. The short wears what belongs to the tall, and brunettes sacrifice their natural beauty to look like blondes, and well they may, for blondes seem generally preferable.

Winter.

The North has broken loose. Down come the fierce winds with frost-teeth, and rush and riot around the house like myriad wolves! Ah, yes—beautiful winter! But what about poor drivers, out sixteen hours a day, on an omnibus-box, or crossing a wind-swept stage route? What about poor little errand boys, half-clad, without mittens, and holes in their shoes? What does a sewing-girl enjoy of the sublimities of winter up in her garret, with the thermometer at zero, and the coal all out, and clothes thin, and work scant, and friends far away, and a half-fed body too feeble to generate much heat?

Ah, yes—splendid weather! says the engineer, snug in the machine-room, warm and sheltered. Fine weather! says the blacksmith, at his glowing forge; says the miner, as, like a marmot, he dives into the mine; says the rosy old fellow, made round and red with beef and port wine; says the spectacled matron, looking from her wind-tight parlor.

But what do crying children, hungry and half-clad, think? What do their parents, made cross by too little meat and too much whisky, think? What do *you* think, Robert, when you make a little burst on the road against the wind, it blowing two-twenty and you going two-seventeen? What do well-intentioned folks think that arranged in the mild afternoon to start before daylight the next morning, and wake to find the thermometer almost bottomless, but the start to be made, nevertheless?

What do tender-eyed Leahs think of the brilliant white snow, from every crystal of which the sun shoots sharp rays of light into her eyes, as if the ground was an infinite paper of pins and needles, and every breath of wind a bowman shooting them into her eyes? What do school-boys think that sleep in the attic, and bounce out of bed at the breakfast call, to squeal in the pungent air, and rush into their clothes in one-tenth the time required in summer?

What do crooning hens and ostentatious roosters think as they huddle on the south-side of sheltering hedges, or barns, and stand hungry rather than be blown about by the tail-disheveling wind? And poor shivering horses, half-fed and wholly uncombed? and crumpled-up cows, that hump their backs and cower under any covert that will break the sharp thrusts of the despotic wind?

Ah, what splendid weather! say the sheep, cuddling together in welts of fine wool. What glorious weather! say the gulls, sailing high up, and sporting with the wind as if, like an old friend from the far North, it had come to make a friendly call, and renew the acquaintance of last summer. And I? Why, I rejoice in winter because it makes the thought of summer sweet; it coats my windows with etchings beyond any artist's skill; it gives to my home, and hearth, and corner, a sweet security and joyous peace, which needed the cold out-doors as a background.

Nevertheless, letters have just come in from Florida. They are picking flowers—there is no cold in their sky—the gardens are all asprout, the air is fragrant with bursting buds and new leaves, birds shower the air with delicious notes! Yes, I do love the winter dearly, but had rather take it in Florida!

H. W. BEECHER.

His Reasons.

Soon after the first inauguration of Governor Seward as Chief Magistrate of New York State, says *Harper's*, Virus W. Smith, then and for many years afterward a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga county, wrote to Mr. Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor, and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian Agent for the Onondaga tribe of Indians. The person recommended by Mr. Smith was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those fussy, meddlesome, mal-adroit, pestilent fellows, nuisances to any party, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position, and thought it could only have been done through ignorance of his character or misrepresentation on the part of others. Mr. Weed accordingly replied, expressing regret at Mr. Smith's request, in view of the objectionable character of the candidate, and begging him to suggest a more acceptable name. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character), and remarked that he had answered the letter, and that action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," said he, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why, have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it."

"But you know what a bad fellow he is."

"Can't help it; he's my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith; "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks bad of this fellow, and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and the pagans?"

"I am aware of it."

"Well, *my* man is a *leetle* in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out, and what is more, they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them *they'll kill him!*"

"Virus," as he was popularly called in Onondaga, finally concluded, in the interest of humanity, to withdraw his candidate, and there was no assassination by the pagans of Ononlaga.

A Contented Farmer.

The Merrimack County (N. H.) Agricultural Society celebrated its semi-centennial anniversary, and at one of its meetings Gen. McCutchins said that thirty-two years ago he bought a farm of Gov. Colby for $2,150. It was situated on that cold ridge of land which was as famous for cold as any except those farmed by Dr. Kane. He had tilled the farm since, and it had paid. He was surprised to hear such gloomy talk as he had heard from men who had made fortunes on a farm. Such statements as were made by them needed analyzing. They might be truth, but they were not the whole truth. It is of no benefit to the farmer to always talk about oppression, for people know it is not true. There may be inequalities in taxation, but there is no oppression, and when he heard such talk, he asked himself, Would these same farmers change places with merchants or bankers, or the men shut up in the shops? He thought not. "Why, gentlemen," said the General, "I would not quit farming to be made Governor of New Hampshire." He once got uneasy and went West to Kansas. He found there unharvested crops late in November, a lack of barns, and almost of houses. He thought it a lazy, shiftless country. The men who emigrated thither from the East were workers, but their children were lazy. They would ride into the towns from their farms, and sit, as if they were too lazy to dismount. Let grumblers go West; but, as for him, he never loved New Hampshire Hills so well as when he returned from that Western journey, and he felt like singing, "Give me back my native hills, rough and rugged though they be." "Cheer up, farmers," he said; "get out from under the clouds. If you can't get a living here, come up to New London hills; you can flourish there. We shall never get our rights by grumbling." The General, in reply to a question, said that when he bought his farm it cut fifteen tons of hay, and now fifty yearly.

Rats as an Article of Food.

The utilization of rats as an article of human food having been suggested by a writer, there promises to be an interesting discussion of the qualities of the too familiar rodent as an article of diet. An old United States naval officer gives his experience in China. He first tasted rat at Canton, and found it a decided relish, and one of his brother officers who tested it at the same time with him became so enthusiastic over his first rat meal that ever after, when ashore, he invariably had his rat stew, with curry sauce. Apropos of this subject, we may say here that Canton and New York are not the only places where savory rats can be found. In the West Indies, in the old slavery time, that variety of the rodentia known as the "cane-piece rat"—so called from its feeding principally upon the sugar cane—was very generally eaten by the Africans, who brought the taste for it with them from their native land; and an aged planter who had once been induced to share in a rat broil assured the writer of these lines that it was as nice a morsel as he had ever tasted, the flesh being remarkably tender, with the piquant flavor of game. Unlike our naval friend, however, he never asked for "more." Perhaps he was not such an epicure.—*Exchange.*

A Savage Waste.

The voyage from San Francisco to Oregon is almost all the way in sight of land; and as you skirt the mountainous coast of Oregon you see long stretches of forest, miles of tall firs killed by forest fires, and rearing their bear heads toward the sky like a vast assemblage of bean-poles—a barren view, which you owe to the noble red man, who, it is said, sets fire to these great woods in order to produce for himself a good crop of blueberries.

When, some years ago, Walk-in-the-Water, or Red Cloud, or some other Colorado chief, asserted in Washington the right of the Indian to hunt Buffalo, on the familiar ground that he *must* live, a journalist given to figures demolished the Indian position by demonstrating that a race which insisted on living on buffalo meat required about 16,000 acres of land per head for its subsistence, which is more than even we can spare. One wonders, remembering these figures, how many millions of feet of first-class lumber are sacrificed to provide an Indian rancheria with huckleberries.

He Knew About It.

When, sixty years ago, a bank called the State Bank was started at Trenton, the late Abner Reeder, a man of large wealth, but limited intellect, was asked to subscribe. He refused to do so unless he should be appointed President. When it was found, after repeated efforts, that the amount could not be obtained elsewhere, his proposition was agreed to. He subscribed largely and became President, but was never consulted about anything of importance. He was kept busy, during the few hours of the day he attended at the bank, in signing bills. One morning, on arriving at the bank, he was told that the institution was about to fail. "Fail!" he cried, "that it impossible!" "Why impossible, Mr. Reeder?" "Why," he answered, "because I have done nothing but sign bills for the last six months. How can a bank fail which has so many bills?"

A WAR HORSE.—A gentleman said that Nantucket horses were celebrated for their general worthlessness, imbecility, and marvelous slowness. He said a citizen sold one to a cavalry officer during the war, and warranted him to be a good war-horse. The soldier came back afterward in a towering passion, and said he had been very badly swindled.

"As how?" said the Nantucketer.

"Why, there's not a bit of go in him, and yet you warranted him as a good war-horse."

"Yes, I did, and by Jove he is a good war-horse—he'd sooner die than run!"

Different Kinds of Eyes.

No branch of science has been more thoroughly mastered than optics. The principle of vision must be essentially the same in all eyes, but they differ remarkably, according to the habits of the animal. Birds of lofty flight, as the condor, eagles, vultures, and carrion-seeking prowlers of the feathered race, have telescopic vision, and thus they are enabled to look down and discover their unsuspecting victims. As they approach noiselessly from above, the axis of vision changes—shortening so that they can see as distinctly within one foot of the ground as when at an elevation of one mile in the air.

This fact explains the balancing of a fish-hawk on its pinions, half a mile above a still pond watching for fish. When one is selected, down the savage hunter plunges, the focal axis varying always to the square view of his intended prey. As they ascend, the axis is elongated by a curious muscular arrangement, so as to see far off again.

Snails have their keen eyes at the extremity of flexible horns, which they can protrude or draw in at pleasure. By winding the instrument around the edge of a leaf or stalk, they can see how matters stand on the opposite side.

The hammer-headed shark has its wicked-looking eyes nearly two feet apart. By will effort they can bend the thin edges of the head, on which the organs are located, so as to examine the two sides of an object the size of a full-sized codfish.

Flies have immovable eyes. They stand out from the head like half an apple, exceedingly prominent. Instead of smooth hemispheres, they have an immense number of facets, resembling old-fashioned glass watch seals, each one directing the light directly to the optic retina. That explains why they cannot be approached in any direction without seeing what is coming.

Contented Yoke-Fellows.

A Polander and his wife hitched to a large sled loaded with firewood attracted some attention in Winona, Wis., according to a local paper. The team was well matched as to size, and pulled with considerable steadiness and unanimity, but, judging by the nergetic manner in which the woman "walked into the collar" when the vehicle came to a bare spot in the street, any impartial observer would say that, in this instance, "the gray mare was the better horse." She never flagged or flunked or balked, no matter how hard the pulling, while the male animal by her side, it must be confessed, occasionally showed a disposition to shirk his share of the load. It was a beautiful sight, this picture of mutual connubial helpfulness, as well as a good, practical illustration of the theory that the sexes are naturally equal, and that a woman can do a man's (or horse's) work a little better than the man himself. Here was a sensible woman of a practical turn of mind, who, instead of scolding the public about her "rights," simply said nothing, but went in and took possession of those rights without the slightest objection on the part of the "tyrant man." At least this was the mental comment of our reporter on the scene as the well-matched, happily mated pair, cheerfully tugging at their common burden of life, slowly disappeared around a corner, caused him, almost unconsciously, to drop into poetry, and exclaim:

Two souls with but a single—sled.

The Bodies of the Siamese Twins.

What the proposed final disposion of the bodies of the Siamese Twins is to be, says a correspondent, I am not informed, but report here says that they are to be embalmed and disposed of at an enormous price to some museum or medical college, or placed on exhibition at a sum equivalent to the value set upon them by the Mount Airy managers, who, of course, will realize a handsome percentage out of the transaction. All of this, however, is to be subject to the decision of the members of the families, who have been notified of the death of their parents, and are expected home at an early day.

No effort whatever was made to perform an operation on the ligament with regard to ascertaining whether there was an artery passing through it or not, as that would have materially interfered with prospective greenbacks, and present speculations would have been nipped in the bud. Embalmed and preserved as they are, the bodies of the twins will have a market value from which money can always be realized by those having possession of them. The ligament cut in the interest of science, the curiosity would be destroyed, and consequently the separate dead bodies would be of no value.

Catching Cattle.

One can see in Texas, says a writer, an adroit horseman lassoing the stupid beef creature which he has decided to slaughter. He drives it a little apart from the herd; it turns upon him—a twirl of his sharp wrist, and he has thrown the deadly noose about its neck; a rapid gallop of a few seconds, and he has tightened the long rope. The horse seems to enjoy the sport; he braces himself as the animal makes a few angry struggles; the rider once more gallops away. The poor beef is now in the terrible tortures of suffocation; he falls upon his knees, uttering hoarse bellowing; he staggers blindly toward his adversary, brandishing his horns; he falls again headlong, and once more piteously bellows as much as his choked throat will permit. The other cattle walk slowly and mournfully away, huddling together as if for protection. At last the horseman, loosening a little the dreadful noose, forces the subdued creature to follow him wherever he wishes, and so takes him to the slaughter.

Items of Interest.

The greatest oil well ever struck is the Evans, on the Dougherty farm near Petrolia, which produced the first twenty-four hours 4,800 barrels.

A hog was killed in Vermont last week which had eaten twenty-five two-inch nails and other iron. His squealing was regarded as ironical.

The pupils in the Dover (N. H.) High School are examined at regular intervals on topics which involve a careful reading of the daily and weekly newspapers.

The population of Nebraska was 28,000 in 1860. It is now estimated at 300,000, and half this increase has been made since 1870, when the last census was taken.

A Connecticut paper knows of a man who can swim five miles, but what is that to getting your girl's trunk out of the second story window and running away to get married?

A mean little $3.75 hog was the cause. The lawyers of New Albany, Ind., have already got $500 out of the contestants, and enter gaily upon the new year, determined to live off that hog for another twelve months at least.

The difference in natures was well illustrated at the Boston depot. Two sisters met. "O, my dear sister!" said one, exhaustedly, as they embraced. "You've been eating onions," said the other, calmly and fearlessly.

To tan a sheepskin with the wool on: As soon as the skin is taken from the sheep's back scrape the flesh off and lay it in a smooth place. Pulverize one pound of alum and the same quantity of salt and cover the flesh side of the skin with it, and let it lie for a week or two, when it will be well tanned.

The blue laws of Connecticut were somewhat discouraging to young men of enterprising connubial aspirations. For instance: "No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the Court.

A farmer living near Brockville attempted to scare an old worthless dog from his place; so he put a fuse near the dog's nose and a coal of fire near that; then, to connect the fire to the pile of powder, he commenced pouring some powder out of the horn on the coal. An explosion occurred, and he hasn't seen the dog since; but with medical aid and good care it is thought he can see him in about three weeks.

Says an exchange newspaper: "This open winter, with its mud and other discomforts, is yet the most fortunate thing for our friends in the country who are short of fodder. Cattle will get grass and herbage enough to materially affect the sharpness of their appetite for the more substantial 'regular courses' of corn-stalks, hay, etc., while sheep, with their usual industry and frugality, will pick up a pretty respectable living without drawing, to any appreciable extent, upon the commissary department of the mow or corn-crib."

A Gossip's Punishment.

In a small society like that of Edinburgh there was a good deal of scandal and gossip; every one's character and conduct were freely criticised, and by none more than by my aunt and her frjends. She used to sit at a window embroidering, where she not only could see every one that passed, but with a small telescope could look into the dressing-room of a lady. A spinster lady of good family, a cousin of ours, carried her gossip so far, that she was tried for defamation, and condemned to a month's imprisonment, which she actually underwent in the Tolbooth. She was let out just before the king's birthday, to celebrate which, besides the guns fired at the Castle, the boys let off squibs and crackers in all the streets. As the lady in question was walking up the High street, some lads in a wynd, or narrow street, fired a small cannon, and one of the slugs with which it was loaded hit her mouth and wounded her tongue. This raised a universal laugh; and no one enjoyed it more than my uncle William, who disliked this somewhat masculine woman. —*Mrs Somerville's Autobiography.*

The Siamese Twins' Old Tricks.

The Salem *Gazette* of August 10, 1831, records the following incident in relation to the Siamese twins who were in this vicinity at that time: "Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, were arrested on a warrant for breach of the peace at Lynnfield, on Monday last, and bound over to their good behavior and to keep the peace in the sum of $22. They had been stopping for a few days at Lynnfield Hotel, enjoying themselves fishing on the pond and shooting in the woods, with a young Englishman as an attendant. They were much annoyed by the eager curiosity of visitants, who disturbed their intended seclusion. Colonel Elbridge Gerry and a Mr. Prescott, of Stoneham, went towards them in a field, but were warned to keep away. Irritating words followed, and the twins, after firing a blank cartridge, struck the Colonel with the butt of a gun. Hence the arrest, trial, and sentence."

Pork Packing.

The Chicago *Bulletin* gives the third annual statement of the pork packing of the West.

Returns from 389 points, and twenty-one additional estimated, gives the total packing of hogs 4,760,000; estimated for the season, 5,304,000; packed at these points last season, 5,526,000; hogs packed this season equal to 4,774,000. Of last year's average weight the estimated decrease in average weight is ten per cent, showing a decrease of 175,000,000 pounds in the aggregate weight. The decrease in the production of hams, shoulders and sides is estimated at 106,000,000 pounds. The falling off in the yield of lard is estimated at seven pounds per hog, being an aggregate decrease of 46,000,000 pounds, equivlent to 143,000 tierces.